

"A DOG ON A LOG IN THE MIDDLE OF A SWOLLEN RIVER"

Here I am like Raggedy Andy on the floor of this new house.
I am waiting for the movers with their big shoulders
and the refrigerator man with his cold ones.
I am reading the free newspaper,

surely The Dolor Gazette. I have never seen so many
storms, floods and quakes. There are no comics, no sports
except who lost, under Help Wanted only pleas and cries.

The dour mailman comes by with a bag full of threats. He
puts three in the box. What next? Will the Welcom Wagon
speed past and a masked woman toss a shoebox of shit
on my lawn?

Probably not. The condenser on my refrigerator will be
enlarged and the nice lady will leave lists of emergency
numbers. But the chairs will come with their perfect laps
and books line up as evenly as privates.

And me? Like a dog on a log in the middle
of a swollen river, I continue to float
downstream.